

The ALEPPO *Monthly* NEWS



DECEMBER
• 1936 •



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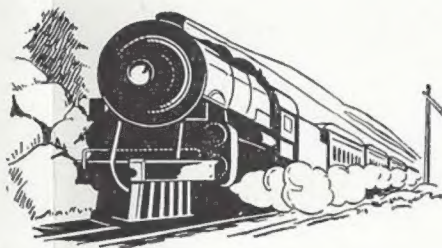
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ALEPPO NEWS

Monthly



HARVEY B. LEGGEE

Assistant Recorder

DURING the past sixteen years, it has been my great pleasure to be associated with Aleppo Temple, serving as its Assistant Recorder. In that time I have met in this so-called "Playground of Masons," many thousands of the most loyal men in the world:—men who not only know how to play with decorum but also who have the heart to assist in the world's greatest philanthropic work, The Shriner's Hospitals for Crippled Children.

It has been my good fortune to serve as Assistant Recorder under some of the grandest Shriners ever to wear the red fez, including the late Benjamin W. Rowell, former Recorder of Aleppo Temple and Imperial Recorder of the Imperial Council, our present Recorder, Walter W. Morrison, and Potentates Appleton, Haskell, Faye, Greenleaf, Bolton, McKenzie and North, and our present Treasurer, Frank W. Morrill. To serve with these illustrious Nobles has been a distinction in itself.

I wish to take the opportunity afforded through the medium of our Shrine magazine publicly to acknowledge that any service I may have rendered Shrinedom is largely the result of my association with these loyal Shriners.

Nobles! The past sixteen years with you and the Officers of Aleppo have left me with memories of many happy hours which I shall forever treasure, and if my endeavors to serve you and Shrinedom have met with your approval, I am truly happy.

Sincerely yours for Aleppo,

Harvey B. Leggee

Assistant Recorder.

Aleppo Monthly News

Official Publication of Aleppo Temple
A. A. O. N. M. S.

Published Monthly in the interests of Shrinedom

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THE ANNUAL MEETING

THE date of the Annual Meeting of Aleppo Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., has been set for Friday, January 22, 1937, complete notice of which will be found on page 1 of the January issue of THE ALEPPO MONTHLY NEWS.

A business meeting will be held in the afternoon for the transaction of business and the election and initiation of candidates.

In the evening, a gigantic vaudeville show will be staged in Grand Hall, following the annual election of officers. The vaudeville show this year promises to be one of the most glamorous entertainments ever staged by Aleppo Temple, and that is saying a whole lot.

So mark this date on your calendar now, get your 1937 Membership Card which will be necessary for admittance to this meeting, and prepare yourself to assist Aleppo Temple in starting the 1937 Shrine year off with a bang!



1937 MEMBERSHIP CARDS

WE are advised by the Illustrious Recorder, Walter W. Morrison, that the 1937 Membership Cards, which are a robin's-egg blue in color, are now ready for distribution.

These cards are necessary for admittance into the Annual Meeting to be held January 22, 1937. Take due warning thereof, govern yourself accordingly, and don't be found waiting in line the afternoon of the meeting.



BACKBONE

DID you ever consider the backbone of the human body? It is the connecting link that holds together the structure called man. The head, the heart, the lungs, the arms, the legs are all in some manner directly, or indirectly, connected to it. It keeps us upright. Through its spinal column, the brain transmits messages which govern and control the entire body.

Every fraternal organization must have a backbone. Aleppo is not an exception. Its membership of nearly twelve thousand is held together, directed by staunch, solid, hard-

working Nobles. These Shriners are the ones who get the most from the Shrine because they put more into it.

More power to the uniformed units—the backbone of Aleppo!



THE STORY OF THE NATIVITY

NOW in those days an edict was issued by Caesar Augustus for a census of the whole world. (This was the first census, and it took place when Quirinius was governor of Syria.) So everyone went to be registered, each at his own town, and as Joseph belonged to the house and family of David he went up from Galilee to Judaea, from the town of Nazareth to David's town called Bethlehem, to be registered along with Mary his wife. She was pregnant, and while they were there the days elapsed for her delivery; she gave birth to her firstborn son, and as there was no room for them inside the khan she wrapped him up and laid him in a stall for cattle.

There were some shepherds in the district who were out in the fields keeping guard over their flocks by night; and an angel of the Lord flashed upon them, the glory of the Lord shone all around them. They were terribly afraid, but the angel said to them, "Have no fear. This is good news I am bringing you, news of a great joy that is meant for all the People. To-day you have a saviour born in the town of David, the Lord Messiah. And here is proof for you; you will find a baby wrapped up and lying in a stall for cattle."

Then a host of heaven's army suddenly appeared beside the angel extolling God and saying, "Glory to God in high heaven, and peace on earth for men whom he favors."

Translation by James Moffatt, D.D., D.Litt., M.A. (Oxon)



TINY TIM

The daylight faded and grew dim,
The twilight had begun,
Beside the fire sat Tiny Tim—
Bob Cratchit's crippled son.

The dancing flames flashed warm and red.
On faces bright with fun.
Tim's brown eyes shone—he gently said,
"God bless us, everyone!"

And still when dawns the Christmas day,
Though years have come and gone,
We think of Tiny Tim and say,
"God bless us, everyone!"

Nobles of Aleppo Temple:

Christmas

Greetings and

Happy New

Year Wishes



"We pray the prayer the Easterners do,
May the peace of Allah abide with you."

From the Boys at Headquarters

Walter W. Morrison

Recorder

Frank W. Morill

Treasurer

Harvey B. Leggee

Asst. Recorder

Final Shrine Luncheon of the Year

Hears Optimistic Predictions for 1937

**Edson B. Smith, Financial Editor of Boston Herald-Traveler,
the Guest Speaker**

FOLLOWING the custom of past years, the December Luncheon of Aleppo Temple will be omitted due to the proximity of the Christmas holidays.

Don't forget to be present at the first luncheon of the new year to be held on the fourth Tuesday in January. The 26th is the date!

Those who attended the Shrine Luncheon on November 24, 1936, at the Boston City Club, certainly received a lot of value for their dollar, for in addition to a full-course turkey dinner, and an able guest speaker, Noble Benjamin Ginsberg, of the Club Mayfair, of Boston, put on a floor show with Larry Thornton as master of ceremonies, and George Harris, leader of the orchestra, presiding at the grand piano, while singing and dancing of a high order rounded out the program so generously donated by Noble Ginsberg.

Chief Rabban Harry G. Pollard acted as Toastmaster of the Luncheon and expressed appreciation of the delightful entertainment and requested the Shriners present to tell Noble Ginsberg about it when they happen to see him. It was also announced that Illustrious Potentate Frank A. North is much improved in health, and looks so fine one would never think there had been anything the matter with him. He is in training and will be ready to preside at the Annual Meeting, January 22, 1937.

The guest speaker was Edson B. Smith, Financial Editor of The Boston Herald-Traveler Corporation, who chose for his subject, "Personal Estimate of Today's Business—Finance and Politics." Highlights of his address: "President Roosevelt campaigned on the improvements he had effected during his first administration . . . The administration was not primarily responsible for the recovery. Practically every country in the world recovered during 1933-1936 . . . There wasn't anything particularly remarkable about the depression which came in 1929 nor in the recovery which came in a definite way in 1935 and 1936 . . . The depressions of 1870 and 1890 were almost identical with that of 1929 . . . If business is good, the party in power will be re-elected, but if business is bad, the party in power goes out. That is what we have been doing since 1840 . . . President Roosevelt in campaigning for re-election, declared, 'I am the man that made times good,' and having made that boast, he must live up to it . . . The general trend of government for the next four years is going to be along lines of preserving and consolidating business gains. Business has a better outlook than it has had for the last several years . . . If we didn't have the deficit, we would not have had the increase in bank deposits

and the upswing in business . . . A manifestation of inflation is a rise in the price of goods . . . In the year 1937 we are going to have a deficit, but a good deal smaller than the past three or four years. General business is almost certain to be active pretty much through 1937. There will be a moderate rise in the cost of manufacturing goods and also in selling prices, due mostly to higher wages. The tax situation will be about the same as it is now. Business profits will probably be fairly well maintained. The stock market likely will not be much lower than it is today, and it may be higher. Would guess that it would go up rather than down. Bond prices will stay as they are today, which is at the highest level in history . . . Business men have a good two years ahead of them in which to make money."

At the close of his quite optimistic talk, Mr. Smith was given a rising vote of thanks, and a number of persons were seen asking him questions around the head table.

As is customary at all Shrine Luncheons, a splendid lot of door prizes were donated by Shriners and friends of Aleppo, and many a happy winner hugged a box of cigars, or a jar of mincemeat, or what have you?—all generously provided. The Shrine Luncheon Committee wish at this time to thank all of the Nobles and friends who have so generously donated these prizes month in and month out over the past year, as they have created a great deal of interest among those who attend the luncheons.

Donations for future luncheons will be gratefully received and credit given. Write or phone Luncheon Committee Secretary, 97 Huntington Avenue, Boston. Tel. KENmore 0678.

Seiler's

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Framingham Centre — Route 9

Seiler's Inc. Restaurant
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WHAT THE SHRINE MEANS

THE Shrine in its noble purposes brings together the members of two higher orders of Masonry. Here men meet from both Rites on a common level or playground; but it is not merely a playground.

Its teachings carry a dignified mien that lifts a man above the sordid, transitory things of life. It gives him a glimpse of the great white light of life. A Shrine pin and fez do not necessarily make or mean a Shriner; it merely indicates that he is or should be. No rough or uncouth act has a place on its program. Every man who assumes the obligation of the Mystic Shrine is taught to revere and protect the peace, purity and hallowedness of society, government, home and fireside, strengthening the bulwarks thereof, rather than weakening their defense and subjecting them to adverse criticism by his acts.

Does the Shriner prize his fez? If he values it as value it he should, he will never take it where he would not take his mother. If the Shriner feels honored in the title of Noble, let him show it by continuing in the same paths that he trod as a Mason. Every time a Shriner strays from the path, a Mason strays. Every time a Shriner brings reproach upon his fez-covered head, he spots his apron. Nobles, keep the red of your fez clean and without stain and thereby keep pure white your lambskin.

An Appreciation

The Officers of Aleppo Temple and the Staff of "The Aleppo Monthly News" wish to take this opportunity to thank those Nobles and friends who have shown their interest in the organization through the purchase of advertising in our magazine.

This interest and co-operation on their part are greatly appreciated, as it is largely through their efforts that our publication was made possible.

To them we extend the Season's Greetings and wish them a most Happy and Prosperous New Year.

What My Fraternal Organizations Mean To Me

By NOBLE CHARLES W. PIKE

I HAVE been asked many times just what a person gets out of Masonry, and as I sit here at my desk, I go back more than thirty delightful years I have spent in Masonry, to the time when I was so thrilled to know that my application for the degrees in a Masonic Lodge had been accepted. I thought it wonderful that I had been considered worthy to associate with Masons who had the reputation of being high-grade individuals. I admired the work very much and was most proud when I received the Third Degree and was made a Master Mason. I found many men whom I knew outside were members of this Lodge.

In a short time, I applied for the degrees in a Chapter and was accepted. After some years I had the honor of serving as High Priest. I joined a Council and Commandery, Lodge of Perfection, Princes of Jerusalem, Rose Croix, Consistory, and Aleppo Temple of the Mystic Shrine, of which I have been a member for thirty years.

I have received much pleasure from my associations with Masons. Not once have I ever regretted having joined these various organizations. I have made hundreds of true friends that it would have been impossible for me to make otherwise. I sincerely hope that it may be my good fortune to retain these friendships so long as life remains with me. If I had acquired nothing else, I think this is ample reward for my efforts.

I have never refused to serve on committees, and I attended to these duties faithfully and have always received much pleasure from doing so. That you get out of an organization what you put into it, is a true saying. The more you put in the more you get out. I can say without fear of contradiction that this is so.

Now, from a financial standpoint, I believe we get much more for our Masonic dollar than any other dollar we spend today. It is the greatest investment I ever made. A membership in all these organizations costs only thirteen cents a day—the price of a good cigar and a newspaper. This certainly is not very expensive for what we receive.

I never miss a Shrine meeting as it is one of the most pleasant evenings of my life to attend a Ceremonial and fraternize with the other Nobles. I meet many friends there from all over the State, and the "Hello, Tom," "John" or "Paul," and the pleasant chats with each of them more than repay me for any effort I have made to be present.

This is not all I receive, for I partake of a first-class collation, witness drills by the Patrol, stunts by the Degree Staff, and concerts by the Shrine Band, and unsurpassed degree work by the Ritualistic Degree Team, and at the Annual Meeting an entertainment is provided for my pleasure.

I am very proud of the \$2.00 that we pay for the Shriner's Hospitals for Crippled Children, as I know all Shriners are, especially if they have visited the hospital at Springfield, Massachusetts, as I have, and seen the wonderful work

being accomplished. If the Shrine had nothing else but these hospitals that are doing so much good, I think this alone would justify its existence.

I would like to say to those Shriners who don't come to the Ceremonials—"Just come on over and mix with the Nobles, and in a short time you will get as much enjoyment out of it as I do."

I am proud of my affiliation with Masonry and Shrinedom!



NOBLE EVERETT'S ACCIDENT

NOBLE George T. Everett, who is one of the most active Masons in Massachusetts, recently fell while crossing the street in front of his house, bending his leg under him, and resulting in a bad knee injury.

Noble George is convalescing at his home, 4 Pleasant Avenue, West Somerville, and is improving rapidly. A telephone call to him recently assured us that he would be back on his job at the Webster-Thomas Company, in which concern he holds the office of Treasurer.

Among the many Masonic offices held by Noble Everett are the Deputy Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and Senior Warden of Lafayette Lodge of Perfection of the Scottish Rite of Boston. He is also Past Commander of De Molay Commandery of Boston.



A BRITISHER'S IDEA OF A SHRINER

(There are no Shrines in England)

* * * "For the Rockies this week are full of Shriners. The Shriner, I should explain to the ignorant, is a Freemason, who wears a brilliant red fez bearing some such inscription as 'Rameses, Mocha, Potentate' or 'Medinah Band.' He wears his fez even at meals in hotels.

"A motor coach filled with him and his wives brings a splash of unexpected colour into the grey and green atmosphere of the Rockies. He is usually plump and middle-aged, always gay, always talking and laughing and always ready to look at anything like an osprey or a beaver for five seconds.

"I may have missed seeing a bear, but it has been some compensation to see a Shriner during the migration season. He is next to the humming bird, the most brilliant thing I have seen in Canada."

ROBERT LYNCH.

(From a London, England, daily.)

FIFTY-FOUR SHORT YEARS!

OUR esteemed and Illustrious Noble Recorder, Walter W. Morrison, and his sweet and lovely partner, Mrs. Walter W., have been receiving many cards, letters, telegrams and telephone calls, congratulating them on their fifty-fourth wedding anniversary which took place on Sunday, November 15, 1936.

They observed this happy event at home in Winthrop, Massachusetts, where they received friends and relatives. Walter tells us that Mrs. Morrison is the one who should receive all the credit, as he is of the opinion that when a couple live happily married for fifty-four years, one of them must be a real good fellow. But we know that the credit should be divided "fifty-fifty" plus "four".

To have started out together on the primrose path of youth; to have traveled the highways and the by-ways of middle-age, with its ups and downs, its cares and responsibilities, and then, still together, to go gracefully and happily down the westward slope toward the golden glow of life's setting sun, until they have celebrated their fifty-fourth wedding anniversary is an experience that comes to but few of us.

We all sincerely hope that Walter and his good wife will continue to have many of these happy events from now till their centennial celebration.

Est. 1862

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The Better Pipe Tobacco

Manufactured by
CHARLES B. PERKINS CO.
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Huntington Club Alleys

Where Champions Are Made

66 Brunswick-Balke Collender Alleys
12 Billiard Tables

Largest Establishment of its Kind in the World
Next to Symphony Hall

255 Huntington Ave. KENmore 3136

Good Spirits



HUDSON'S BAY
Rye and Bourbon
Whiskies



THE IDEAL XMAS GIFT

"Quality Ties"

- No man can have too many ties so the gift is always welcome.
- In our large and varied selection you will find ties to please every taste.
- Silks in dots, all over patterns and solid colors—75c ea. 3 for \$2.00
- Knits—A practical tie that does not wrinkle. 55c ea. 2 for \$1.00
- Pure silk prints in unusual distinctive patterns—Fine challis in beautiful Paisley Designs—Pure silk stripes in every color combination. Included in this group Warp prints in deep, rich colorings. \$1.50 ea. 3 for \$4.00
- Exclusive batiks on pure dye silks—Batiked by expert craftsmen. \$2.00 ea.
- Hand blocked—Pure dye silk moire—The cream of neckwear. \$2.50 ea.
- Gift enclosure cards and attractive box with every tie. All ties custom made in our own workrooms.

50 Province St. **WILLIAMS TIE CO.** Between School Liberty 1790 & Bromfield Sts.

Engrosser of Shrine Diplomas Celebrates 20th Anniversary

ON the tenth floor of the Little Building overlooking beautiful Boston Common sits a man who has been bringing happiness into the lives of approximately 25,000 graduates of schools of education each commencement season. That man is our own Noble Joseph R. Rosen. It is he who engrosses the names, degrees and other data on thousands of diplomas annually.

He is one of the very few persons in this country who makes his life's work engrossing. There are not more than 100 skillful engrossers in the entire country. Noble Rosen not only engrosses the shrine



NOBLE JOSEPH R. ROSEN

diploma for every Shriner, regardless of whether he joins in Boston, Saskatchewan, Mexico, Hawaii, or any Shrine Temple, irrespective of its location, but the task of inscribing the names on the diplomas of some of the country's foremost universities, among them Harvard, is entrusted to his care.

During the recent Tercentenary of Harvard University, Noble Rosen played a most important part. It was he who engrossed the invitations that were extended to the leading universities all over the world. The 63 Honorary Degrees conferred to the distinguished educators at this world-famed celebration were personally engrossed by him.

The engrossing of diplomas, however, is the minor part of his profession. The engrossing of resolutions, testimonials, certificates, and coats-of-arms is the particular branch of his art that has won for him national prominence as one of America's leading artists.

Noble Rosen attended the Boston High School of Commerce, and studied engrossing at the Zanerian College of Art, Columbus, Ohio. After completing his course at the Zanerian, he continued his studies at the Chicago Art Institute during which time he served his apprenticeship in Chicago's largest art studio. In 1916 he returned to Boston to engage in his life's work.

Noble Rosen was raised in Columbian Lodge, Boston. He is a member of the Scottish Rite Bodies, Boston, and a member of Aleppo Temple. In 1931 he became affiliated with Moses Michael Hays Lodge, A. F. & A. M., Boston, as a charter member, and at this writing is its Senior Warden.



NEWS FROM THE WEST COAST

OUR Recorder recently received a letter from one of our well-known Nobles who has been residing in Los Angeles for many years, in which he says in part:

"Dear Friend and Noble:

"Your kind letter of November 16, 1936 received and I am more than grateful for the opportunity afforded me in same.

"Things are getting better here on the coast and considering everything we have lots to be thankful for.

"Every time I write back to Boston I feel a little tug at my heartstrings and am just a little homesick for the old places and the old friends. Each notice received shows so many of the old-timers gone, it's hard to stretch my imagination that far back, but I hope there are a few left by the time I can get back to Boston.

"Enclosed please find check for dues.

"With best wishes to you and the Mrs., and kindest regards to the 'boys,' I remain the same old

"CARL O. LINDELL,
"1856 W. 43rd St.,
"Los Angeles, Calif."

THE ALEPPO MONTHLY NEWS has received a card from Noble J. Clark Glidden who is retired and living in Pasadena, California. Noble Glidden who resides at 404 Maple Way in that city, asks that any Noble visiting in his vicinity, call on him and say, Hello!

THE DEPRESSION IS OVER, SO WHAT?

NOW that the depression is over it is up to the Shrine Temples of North America to take their place in the parade to prosperity expected to follow. There is one very important thing that Aleppo Temple needs to do in preparing itself for the forward rush, namely to restore to membership the hundreds of fine Nobles who terminated their membership in the Shrine during the trying times of the past few years when conditions over which they had no control brought them face to face with financial embarrassment.

Many of these Nobles have recovered financially and are ready to resume membership in their Temple. Perhaps in your own circle of close friends there is a Noble in the category described and he needs only an urgent suggestion from you to bring him back in the ranks.

Dues do not accrue continuously against former members. Reinstatements may be arranged on a very favorable basis. If you have in mind a former member who you think would be interested in reinstating, persuade him to take this step and communicate his name and address to the Recorder so that he also may contact him.

Your service in this direction will be greatly appreciated by the officers of Aleppo Temple.



There is nothing so beautiful in the world as the fresh, unspoiled innocence of a little child.



TREMONT PLAZA

179 TREMONT STREET
BOSTON

Dine and Dance with The Tremont Plaza Orchestra, Every Evening from
6 P. M. to 1 A. M. No Cover. Air-conditioned.

Also Boston's Most Modern
Cafeteria on Street Floor

LUNCHEONS 40c-50c-65c
DINNERS 75c-\$1.00-\$1.25



APPEARANCE Counts

To achieve that well dressed appearance
have your suits cleansed and
hand pressed

Shrine Suits \$1.00

BAILEY'S Cleaners
and Dyers

30 Washburn Street, WATERTOWN
26 West Street BOSTON 608 Beacon Street

Noble Rugg Writes the Recorder

THE following interesting letter was addressed to our Noble Recorder, Walter W. Morrison, by Noble Harry Melvin Rugg, who now resides in Detroit, Michigan.

"Dear Walter:

"During the past few years you know you have not seen much of me at Aleppo Temple. I have been in Florida several winters and up in the mountains in the summer time. I have also been out of employment in my own profession through practically all that period.

"Last summer I accepted a position as Automotive Engineer for the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association and they have sent me here to Detroit to open a new office for them. I am happy to be back at my own work and especially in this city, as I was here from 1921 to 1924 in the same line of work.

"At the time of my former residence here I sang for two years in Moslem Temple Chanters, and they have already requested me to join them again. I shall probably accept their invitation, but I cannot conceive of anything that would make me give up my membership in good old Aleppo! The SHRINE to me means Aleppo, and I have spent many happy hours with you all, especially the two years I was in the Aleppo Arab Patrol.

"I am enclosing a check to cover my 1936 and 1937 Hospital Assessments. Please change my address on your list to 1610 Edison Street, Detroit, and be sure that I have 'THE ALEPPO MONTHLY NEWS' and all other communications from the Temple. If the 1937 Life Membership cards are not ready yet, please forward the 1936 by return mail as Moslem has a Ceremonial next Friday night and I have a special invitation to attend.

"Hope you are well, and if you or any other Aleppo Boys should come to this city, please look me up. Always plenty of Camel's Milk on hand for Aleppo-Nians! Lots of personal good wishes.

"Fraternally yours,

"HARRY M. RUGG."



A FALLACY IN MODERN MERCHANDISING

By MAXWELL DROKE

(In *The Vagabond*)

ONE of the great fallacies in modern merchandising is a rather widespread belief among advertising men that low-priced and medium-priced wares can be sold only through a process of distortion; that the virtues of these honest goods must be ridiculously exaggerated; that they must be posed in an atmosphere of luxury that is patently false.

I take vehement issue with this school

of thought. I believe that the mass market is a reasoning and a reasonable market. I believe people resent the implication that they can be won over by absurd claims and an atmosphere of artificial luxury. I contend—and there is abundant evidence to support the contention—that the public will react favorably to honest merchandise, truthfully presented.

An obvious weakness of the current phobia for exaggeration is the fact that no single advertiser has a patent on it. There is always a competitor who will match your wildest claim with one that is just a little more sensational.

The procedure is rather reminiscent of the technique employed by Negro lodges in the South. I recall a good many years ago, in my native city of Chattanooga, Tennessee, we had an old colored man who did odd jobs about the place. One Saturday afternoon my father encountered him, appropriately enough on Gay Street, attired in a uniform of breath-taking splendor. He explained that his order was upon the verge of holding an important parade, and added: "You see, Ah is de Grand High Noble Mogul an' Exalted Supreme Potentate."

"Well," said Dad, with just a trace of irony, "that sort of makes you the head man, doesn't it, Jeb?"

"N-no, sah," confessed the reluctantly truthful serving-man, "No-no, sah. You see, they is five mo' above me in de lodge!"



Why not insert an ad. in the January issue of this publication?

THE APPEAL OF THE SHRINE

THE Shrine will have its appeal as long as men are human. The Shrine is the place for laughter and smiles and gayety—the place to relax and get the mind back on the main track. To have attained the Shrine is to be knighted in the lists of good-fellowship in the broadest application of the phrase.

For Over 40 Years the Standard

Protect Your Table By Demanding

CARL A. WEITZ
SAUSAGE PRODUCTS

F. I. Gorton Company

Manufacturers of
Emblems, Badges, Medals, Souvenirs
Masonic Jewels and Society Work
A Specialty
Gorton Building, 52 Orne Street
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William E. Smith

offers this CHRISTMAS CASE

12 BOTTLES of IMPORTED WINES

He has carefully selected and tasted each type, and believes you will enjoy their superior quality.

The CASE PRICE **\$13.50** IS VERY SPECIAL

in order to make new friends and customers.

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 bot. Pale Sherry, Dry | 1 bot. Sauterne Superior |
| 1 bot. Med Brown Sherry | 1 bot. Haut Sauterne |
| 2 bot. Medoc Claret | 1 bot. Burgundy Blanc |
| 2 bot. St. Julien Claret | 1 bot. Burgundy Rouge |
| 1 bot. Margaux Claret | 1 "Pommard Burgundy |

They are good, sound wines and you will enjoy them.

THE WILLIAM E. SMITH, INC.

Scotches, Whiskies, Cordials

138 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE — Next to Fenway Theatre
BOSTON KENmore 7884

Free delivery in and near Boston

Aleppo Bowling League Continues to Expand Its Membership

Bowlers Turning Out to Compete for Silver Cups

By VAIL K. HAAK
Associate Editor

ANOTHER month has slipped away but the Aleppo Bowling League keeps on rolling along.

Due to 5 Thursdays in November and Thanksgiving (strangely enough falling on a Thursday this year) the "Champs of the alleys" were obliged to bowl two consecutive Thursday evenings. By the interest shown on the second evening I strongly believe that in another year it would be a good idea to bowl every week instead of every other week.

The night of November 12 a regular scheduled meeting took place and whether the boys had a lot on their mind I don't know but the scores seem to show a decided slump over former nights. I might say though, that John Eaton of the Highland Club, West Roxbury, was his usual self with a neat 324 and Al Rogers is still taking his bowling in stride and popped up with a cool 327. This Rogers feller appears like a ringer, he doesn't say much but just watch his score from week to week.

"The City Club Champ" Jim Greig, our president, was a wee bit late but dropped in for the last two strings. He was probably bowling in another league because it isn't everybody who can step in cold and bowl 112 and 117.

After the match the members decided to bowl the next week. As an added incentive each man was to put up a small fee and the Noble bowling the most pins over his average was to take the prize (a nice fat luscious turkey).

Now for the story on Turkey Night. Evidently the attraction was a success because 20 bowlers tore themselves away from the fireside long enough to do or die for their Thanksgiving Dinner. I wasn't there (for which I am sorry) but due to previous commitments I just had to preside at another turkey roll-off. Incidentally I won a turkey for the first time in my short career as a bowler.

Well, to lead up to the point. I think the pressure was on a little too much (judging by the scores). Shortly after the bowling started the race for the Gobbler narrowed down to three Nobles, namely Baker, Rogers and Grutchfield. Noble Grutchfield seemed to have sufficient reserve strength to breeze across as the winner. This same Grutchfield if my memory serves me correctly was the gentleman who won the Potentate's trophy last spring.

Fred Pettit is evidently not a prize bowler if the measley score of 248 for him is any criterion. Quite a slide from what he has been bowling. Oh how the mighty have fallen. Pleased to see Nobles Hoyt and Buckman in the lineup this time. How about the rest of you fellows on the mailing list, why don't you put in your appearance and join the gang?

Don't forget those beautiful cups at the finish of the season.

The officers of the Bowling League wish the members and readers of this column a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

MATCHES THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19

Eaton	96	99	107
Wilson	89	82	113
Bearse	95	95	92
Strough	82	83	88
Greig	85	90	121
Handicap	0	0	0
Totals			1417

Whitley	101	96	83
Dexter	104	95	85
Rogers	110	126	100
Pettit	78	96	74
Gordon	92	79	115
Handicap	0	0	0
Totals			1434

Whittemore	84	104	104
Buckman	74	94	88
Snook	96	97	101
Seeley	83	84	94
Parker	77	100	81
Handicap	0	0	0
Totals			1361

Baker	122	101	100
Howland	82	98	89
Hoyt	101	99	92
Simonton	84	91	86
Grutchfield	99	117	124
Handicap	0	0	0
Totals			1485

MATCHES THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12

Whitworth, Jr.	86	113	97
Whitworth, Sr.	85	103	82
Strough	85	79	94
Eaton	117	107	100
Rogers	96	140	91
Whitley	75	127	94
Handicap	1	1	0
Totals			1771

Robbins	94	105	98
Fitz	80	94	99
Howland	91	80	95
Simonton	84	81	86
Grutchfield	91	98	96
Dummy	75	—	—
Greig	—	112	117
Handicap	0	0	1
Totals			1676

K. A. Juthe	91	92	90
Bease	95	110	80
Dexter	72	80	89
Haak	89	94	89
Gordon	89	100	109
Pettit	88	93	98
Totals			1648

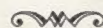
Whittemore	96	108	89
Burland	93	89	106
Campbell	88	87	93
Watson	103	101	85
Parker	82	97	99
Snook	89	88	97
Totals			1690

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By NOBLE J. ARTHUR McCoy
Associate Editor

NOW that our drills are held only on alternate weeks, there is less opportunity to contact the members and discover what is happening in their busy lives.

We are glad to welcome three new members to the patrol, all of whom are assigned to the 5th Platoon. Noble Robert Waldheim of Sharon is in the insurance business and a member of the Scottish Rite Bodies. He has had two years service in the R-O-T-C. Noble Lester F. Boyce of Brookline, is an accountant; he is the presiding High Priest of St. Matthew's R. A. Chapter this year and on the escort of St. Omer Commandery. Noble Frank V. Thompson of Marblehead, is a traffic manager; he is from Virginia, a member of the York-Rite Bodies of that state, and has served on the patrol of Khedive Temple five years.

Noble Bill Strong, our Hospitaler, reports that our sick list is small. Nobles Frank Waid and Henry Allen are both improving and should soon return for drills. Noble Frank Carpenter has returned to the 4th platoon, after three weeks' illness.

We see by the papers, that our Lieut. Ben James was chairman of the banquet committee for the big Y. D. Club annual military ball, December 4.

Noble George Weeks seems to get his name in our column every month because he appears to be one of the most active among our members. George has been appointed Social Representative for his Commandery district. A very sociable fellow himself and a great Committee worker for years, George is an ideal man to promote the social life of the Commanderies in the district.

Noble Gus Swanson, after a prolonged leave of absence, has returned to the 2nd platoon. Gus is suffering with a painful injury to his little finger and fears that he might lose a part of the finger.

Noble Oliver E. Story, "Chick" to the boys, has been re-elected presiding Master of Hammatt Lodge of East Boston.

We learn that John Chapman of the 4th platoon is really an expert in the production of ice cream. We have frequently referred to "Chappie's" ability in catering to different organizations and

we knew that he had a big following in the banquet business, but we did not know that he is actually talented in the production of fancy ices. We have discovered that Chappie was the originator of the idea of putting the colored "H" in the ice cream served to the Harvard enthusiasts on the football trains to New Haven and return for some years past. So Chappie is really an all-round ice cream expert and not merely a salesman—we think his talent should be brought to light and utilized because everybody likes this frozen dessert.



NOBLE HOWARD A. FLANDERS ILL

THE many friends of Noble Howard A. Flanders will be grieved to learn of his recent illness. Noble Flanders, who contributes the Scottish Rite News for this magazine, recently suffered a shock, paralyzing his right arm and side.

At the time of preparing this issue, he was not able to attend business, being confined to his home where he was reported as slowly gaining.

Noble Flanders is President of the Flanders-Day Company, manufacturers of surgical and hospital supplies, 399 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

A card or other communication of sympathy to him at his home, 90 Oakley Road, Belmont, would help him while away the hours of convalescence.



NOBLE GINSBERG'S THANKSGIVING DINNER

NOBLE Benjamin Ginsberg, of the Club Mayfair, Boston, who donated the wonderful floor show for the November Shrine Luncheon, must have spent a very happy Thanksgiving himself because he made so many others happy.

On Thanksgiving Day, he served a turkey dinner to 800 of Boston's needy children in his Club Mayfair, which he had transformed into a modern Fairyland. In addition to food, the "kiddies" enjoyed a fine entertainment.

Noble Ginsberg is a true Shriner in every sense of the word.



LADIES! PLEASE NOTE!

A VERY useful gift for your Shriner husband would be his 1937 Membership Card. If he is a Life Member, he pays \$2.00 a year, and if he is a Regular Member he pays \$12.00 a year.

Why not surprise him on Christmas Morning by having his card on the tree?

For further information, just go to the phone and call up the Recorder, KENmore 0678, or address a letter to him at 97 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Mass.

TIN FOIL NOTE

THE Editor received a communication the other day from a bashful Noble who wishes to remain anonymous, in which was contained the following tribute to a gleaner of tin foil. It is a real pleasure for us to put it into print. May it inspire numbers of others to collect tin foil!

"There is no more enthusiastic collector of tin foil for the Shriner's Hospitals for Crippled Children than Mrs. Mary Whan, of 51 Wardwell Avenue, Lynn, Massachusetts. Mrs. Whan has no relatives that are Shriners, but she realizes the good work the Order is doing in that direction and is untiring in her efforts to collect tin foil. We all deeply appreciate her work in this connection and thank her heartily for the same."

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ALL BEST LIKED SCOTCH
AND AMERICAN WHISKIES

A Shrine Dad Talks to His Son

LISTEN, son: I am saying this to you as you lie asleep, one little paw crumpled under your cheek and the blond curls stickily wet on your damp forehead. I have stolen into your room alone. Just a few minutes ago, as I sat reading my paper in the library, a hot stifling wave of remorse swept over me. I could not resist it. Guiltily, I came to your bedside.

These are the things I was thinking, son: I had been cross to you. I scolded you as you were dressing for school because you gave your face merely a dab with a towel. I took you to task for not cleaning your shoes. I called out angrily when I found you had thrown some of your things on the floor.

At breakfast I found fault, too. You spilled things. You gulped down your food. You put your elbows on the table. You spread butter too thick on your bread. And as you started off to play and I made for my train, you turned and waved a little hand and called, "good-bye, daddy!" and I frowned and said in reply, "hold your shoulders back."

Then it began all over again in the late afternoon. As I came up the hill road I spied you, down on your knees, playing marbles. There were holes in your stockings. I humiliated you before your boy friends by making you march ahead of me back to the house. Stockings were expensive—and if you had to buy them you would be more careful! Imagine that, son, from a father! It was such stupid and silly logic.

Do you remember, later, when I was reading in the library, how you came in, softly, timidly, with a sort of hurt, hunted look in your eyes? When I glanced up over my paper impatient at the interruption, you hesitated at the door. "What is it you want?" I snapped.

You said nothing, but ran across in one tempestuous plunge, and threw your arms around my neck and kissed me, again and again, and your small arms tightened with an affection that God had set blooming in your heart and which even neglect could not wither. And then you were gone, pattering up the stairs.

Well, son, it was shortly afterwards that my paper slipped from my hands and a terrible sickening fear came over me. Suddenly I saw myself as I really was, in all my horrible selfishness, and I felt sick at heart.

What has habit been doing to me? The habit of complaining, of finding

fault, or reprimanding—all of these were my rewards to you for being a boy. It was not that I did not love you; it was that I expected so much of youth. It was measuring you by the yardstick of my own years.

And there was so much that was good and fine and true in your character. You did not deserve my treatment of you so. The little heart of you was as big as the dawn itself over the wide hills. All this was shown by your spontaneous impulse to rush in and kiss me good-night. Nothing else matters tonight, son. I have come to your bedside in the darkness, and I have knelt there, choking with emotions, and so ashamed!

It is a feeble atonement. I know you would not understand these things if I told them to you during your waking hours, yet I must say what I am saying. I must burn sacrificial fires, alone, here in your bedroom, and make free confession. And I have prayed God to strengthen me in my new resolve. Tomorrow I will be a real daddy! I will chum with you, and suffer when you suffer and laugh when you laugh. I will bite my tongue when impatient words come. I will keep saying as if it were a ritual: "He is nothing but a boy—a little boy!"

I am afraid I have visualized you as a man. Yet as I see you now, son, crumpled and weary in your cot, I see that you are still a baby. Yesterday you were in your mother's arms, your head on her shoulder. I have asked too much, too much.

Dear boy! Dear little son! A penitent kneels at your infant shrine, here in the moonlight. I kiss the fingers and the damp forehead.



FOR OTHERS

IT is not merely better to create than to destroy, but it is better to create something which is useful, or desirable, to others.

If we work only for ourselves, we are doing wrong. We all feel a deep obligation to work for others, and the greatest happiness returns come from the result of labor unselfishly performed.



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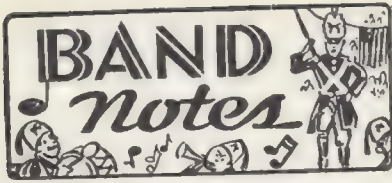
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BY NOBLE CHAS. C. FEARING
Associate Editor

"I'M TALKING THROUGH MY HEART"

WE have just received a postal from ye editor in chief stating that the forms for the next issue of the News "will close on the 25th of THIS month." He was wise in selecting this date, as the 27th would no doubt find us too full for utterance, either verbally or otherwise. So here goes!

Noble Reinhard Knuepfer of the trombone section has been absent from rehearsals for a long time, but showed up at the last one in November. We discovered he had been laid up with an infection contracted from handling goods damaged by the great flood in Lawrence last Spring. We are pleased to report, however, that he is all right again, and able to blow the old "slip horn" as usual.

We have also just learned that Clarence Bradford, one of the cornet players (or "Brad" as he is familiarly called), has had a serious eye trouble, and for a while was confined in the Massachusetts Eye and Ear Infirmary. We had missed him at the band room for some time and this accounts for his non-appearance. We sincerely trust that he will be all right before long and will be back with the boys again.

Last month we mentioned Noble "Si" Wilton as a connoisseur of cigar lighters (and incidentally at the last band rehearsal he produced a new one), but we find that he is also a diplomat. He has a couple of German daschunds and a French poodle at home, and recently one of the daschunds and the poodle formed a matrimonial alliance, with the result that the dog population in his domicile will shortly be increased. "Si" has accomplished what all the foreign diplomats have failed to do; to wit: formed a real French and German alliance. We think he should receive some decoration for this and so we award him the medal of honor in the C. L. U. of A.

Noble "Bill" Gens, one of the Bass section (and a darned dependable Bass at that), was on deck at the last Ceremonial. Bill is a traveling man and you never know when he is liable to "Bob up serenely" as the song says. We recall a few years ago while striding up Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, we bumped right into Bill and his infectious smile. You never can tell when you are going to meet up with that chap, but you can always count on his being on hand ready to do his bit for the band if he can make connections; which shows the true Shrine spirit.

When this issue of the News reaches the Nobility, the great New England festival of Thanksgiving will be but a memory, and we hope with the aid of a plentiful supply of bi-carbonate the resultant effects will have disappeared. But there is still a greater celebration yet in store—Christmas. Already we have started to brush off the old red suit and comb out the white wig and whiskers preparatory to staging our annual come-back as Santa Claus.

Nobles George Vannah and Arthur Fleming have a fine display of Christmas cards and fancy wrappings on sale at the band room. We urge all the boys to take advantage of this opportunity to secure their supply early.

The proceeds of this sale will go into the band fund to help defray the expense of the annual Christmas frolic, which will probably take place on Monday, December 21, at which time the "wassail bowl" will be full to overflowing. (Please note that we said only the "bowl" would be full.)

We regret to report that one of our old band members has passed to the Celestial Oasis. Noble George Harlow died suddenly from a heart attack on Saturday, November 21. For many years he was very active and was "Top" Sergeant of the drum section, attending all the important functions of the band. To his family, and especially to his brother, Louis Harlow, our first leader, we extend the heartfelt sympathies of his former associates in the band.

As Christmas and the New Year will have "came and went" before another issue of the News appears, we want to take this opportunity of extending to our associates and friends, and especially to our beloved leader, Walter Smith, our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. And when we say that we are "Talking through our heart."

C. C. F.



CRIPPLED CHILDREN GUESTS OF NEW BEDFORD SHRINE CLUB

CRIPPLED children of Southeastern Massachusetts will be happy guests of the Shrine Club at the Annual Christmas Tree Party to be held at the Masonic Temple in New Bedford, Sunday afternoon, December 20.

Santa Claus, of course, will be in attendance and will personally supervise the distribution of gifts to the youngsters. There will be clothes, shoes, toys, and a big bag of assorted candies, nuts, etc., for each child, carefully selected by members of the committee.

Orchestral music will open the festivities, lending a cheery air to the hall during the arrival of the guests. A varied program of entertainment, including movies, comic acts, and musicians, is being

ing arranged in a manner which will delight the children, and noise-makers and other holiday accessories will add color and spirit to the occasion. And naturally ice cream and soda in large quantity!

A huge tree especially selected and erected will fill one corner of the hall, with every sort of decorative and lighting effect, and the huge pile of gifts tastily placed under it. Santa will make his entrance in a spectacular way, with the aid of a big reception committee of Shriners.

Plans are under way for handling about 75 children and the Club will be very glad to have Shriners in the district bring along any crippled children so that all possible can enjoy this wonderful occasion. It is requested that the Committee be notified of such crippled children so that arrangements may be properly made for providing these youngsters not now on the lists.

The Club has an excellent system of handling the children. One Shriner acts as host for one child, visiting the home for the purpose of extending the Club's invitation and investigating personally the status of the child and the home. The Shriner in each instance purchases the gifts most suited and receives reimbursement from the Club. In this way the costs are carefully guarded and the children are assured of needed presents as well as the desired toy variety. The host attends to calling for the child and a member of the family and provides transportation and usually a ride around the city.

Practically every member of the Club engages in the conduct of this Christmas party and the work is distributed. This 1936 affair is the tenth held by the Club, and with the experience of the past years and the desire to improve if possible, endeavors will certainly make it a wonderful success.

The Club extends an invitation to all Shriners and members of their families to be present and enjoy the occasion with these children. These Christmas parties are made possible through the financial assistance of members of the Club who generously contribute a dollar to the fund. All in all, it is a splendid work the Club is doing and the reward for the efforts is a bountiful joy.

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CONSULT US ABOUT LIQUORS
AND WINES FOR CHRISTMAS

The Origin of the Fez

WHEN the Shrine was founded in North America, back in 1872, one of the outstanding features was the wearing of the Fez, which up to that time was practically unknown outside Zouave regiments. It was adopted by the founders as the proper headgear for the representatives of the Arabic Order.

Today if we wanted to be strictly Arabic and as strictly up to date, we would discard the gaudy red cap in favor of the hardboiled "bowler," also known as derby. The Fez is passing from its native heath as an outward sign of the new order of thought and conditions. In the course of the next ten years there will come a time when the Fez worn in America will far exceed in number all of those in the Orient.

Originally the Fez was the badge of a student in the divinity school at Fez, having its origin in Africa rather than in Asia. The school was, of course, devoted to the study of Islam, and as the students spread through the Moslem countries they carried the Fez with them until it became the symbol of the faith of Mohammed, and it was highly standardized, the tassel being exactly fourteen inches long.

In the military service the Fez had a flattened crown and was stiffened, either with the addition of more material, or the felt was tightly applied to a straw foundation. Those not in the army wore the rounded crown familiar to the Shrine, but military etiquette required a stiffer bonnet for the sake of uniformity.

A few of the elaborate military Fezzes have been brought back from the East by travelers. At one time Hassan Ben Ali gave away an entire case of Fezzes which he had imported for his acrobatic troupes.

It would seem the Fez might be pretty warm headgear for a hot climate, but the high crown afforded a better protection against the hot rays of the sun than the straw hat, and was supposed to ward off sunstroke.

The Shrine virtually brought the Fez to America, and the success of the Order was such that it was largely copied by other organizations, and they all seemed to think that the Fez was an essential part of the idea. Not all of them use the red Fez, and they now may be had in all colors of the rainbow.

There was a time when the white Fez with the emblem worked in red was supposed to be the proper thing for the women relatives of Shriners. The idea dated back to the old days of the burlesque Order of Isis, with its fantastic initiation, and every woman wore the white Fez to show that she belonged. The Imperial Council discouraged these side degrees and the white Fez has gradually disappeared, though you will see one now and then.

Over in the near East the young Turks have risen in revolt against everything, including the Fez, and have adopted the stiff and uncomfortable black derby as the proper headgear, and the Fez factories are closing down because of lack of business and presently the Shriners and their imitators will alone keep alive the badge which once marked the followers of the one true faith.

The Turks and Arabs have discarded their baggy bloomers, etc., and are making themselves properly uncomfortable, but so long as the Shrine shall endure the black tassel will wave from its peak of crimson to testify that the Prophet (his name be blessed), is not without honor save in his own country.

—The Meccan.

The Fez

What is it?

It is the insignia of a Noble of the Mystic Shrine.

When is it worn?

On any Shrine occasion.

Where is it worn?

A real Shriner will never wear it in any company or place in which he would decline to introduce his mother, wife, sister or daughter.

May the red Fez of Shrinedom and the White Apron of Masonry be spotless for all time.



Noble Harlow Passes On

NOBLE George M. Harlow, associate state civil service commissioner, passed away Saturday, November 21, 1936, at Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts, in his sixty-second year. He left the State House on Friday afternoon, November 20, apparently in good health, but on Saturday was seized with a heart attack, and although medical aid was given him, he died late in the afternoon, at his home, "Cedar Shores."

He was born in Plymouth, Massachusetts, July 24, 1875, the son of Barnabas and Catherine Cunningham Harlow, and attended the public schools there. As a young man he became interested in politics and public service being elected to State and national conventions as a Democratic delegate. The Democratic electors of Massachusetts sent him to Washington to cast the Democratic ballot of the State of Massachusetts for President Wilson.

He was prominent in Masonic circles, being a member of Bethesda Lodge, A. F. & A. M., The Royal Arch Chapter, DeMolay Commandery, Aleppo Temple, the Canopy Club of Masons employed at the State House, Boston City Club, the Bull Terriers Club of New England, and Celestine Chapter of the Eastern Star at Vineyard Haven.

George assisted his brother, Louis, in organizing the Aleppo Shrine Band back in 1916, and was one of its original members.

Noble Harlow had lived at Vineyard Haven 12 years. He leaves a widow, Mrs. Beulah Winchester Harlow, formerly of Boston; a daughter, Mrs. Alfred

Gifford of Plymouth; a granddaughter and a grandson; a sister, Mrs. Fred Bartlett of Plymouth, and a brother, Louis Harlow, of Milton, Massachusetts.



WATCH YOURSELF GO BY

SAY, what's the use in taking stock in all the things we hear? Why rip the lining out of Jones, and make Smith look so queer? You cannot always tell, my boy — perhaps it's all a lie. Just get around behind a tree and watch yourself go by.



NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT

Wife: "Wake up, John! There's a burglar going through your pants pockets."

John (turning over): "Oh, you two just fight it out between yourselves."



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BY NOBLE J. HOWARD MACAULAY
Associate Editor

THE first party of the Shrine Prayer Rug Club of Boston proved to be a howling success. The Treasurer reports all bills paid and a profit of \$1.25. Sam Cohen donated ten pounds of cheese for the party. Why don't we pay Sam for something sometime? Noble Mal Seaver, of the Aleppo Band, furnished the smoothest music we have ever heard.

How would you Nobles like a note of gratitude from some little boy or girl now receiving treatment at one of our Shrine Hospitals? Maybe some of these children can't write, but wouldn't it make you feel kind of swell if you knew that your little gift made some kid happy, and caused him to forget his troubles for a little while, at least? We have many brothers, and sisters, too, in our Masonic Homes who would greatly enjoy some gift or small remembrance from you. These folks are not strangers, but brothers.

Sergeant Charles Crompton, of the Degree Staff, received the following letter from the Masonic Home in Charlton, Mass.:

"Masonic Home
Charlton, Mass.
October 21, 1936

"Mr. Chas. Crompton Jr.
119 Ontario Street
Lynn, Mass.

"Dear Bro.

"Your letter of Oct. 1st containing the packet of stamps received with many thanks. You don't know how pleased I was to receive it. I am a shut-in, have been on crutches over three years. I have Arthritis Deformens, so you see I lack association, that is association with other collectors and dealers and have to depend on my good friends to send me the new issues. I would liked to have had that packet of stamps given away at the Shrine headquarters, they would have kept me busy for some time.

"Thanking you again for your kindness, I remain

"Fraternally yours,

"FRED H. SWAIN."

All Charlie did was send a small collection of stamps. Of course, the important thing is that he thought of doing it, and didn't forget it until it was done.

Our Shrine Hospitals are doing wonderful work, and we are proud of them. It shouldn't be a two-dollar-a-year proposition with us. It isn't with Charlie, and why should he do more than the rest?

There was some discussion of the Shrine Prayer Rug Club having a New Year's Party, but, to the relief of the officers of said club, it was voted to attend, in a body, a New Year's Party given by the Quincy Grotto, at Quincy

Masonic Hall, Thursday, December 31. Noble George Ormon, of the Degree Staff, is in charge of this party, and has promised to reserve a section particularly for Degree Staff members. Seiler is to be the caterer, and George assures us of excellent music and a good floor show all for \$5.00 a couple. Dancing until 1 o'clock.

Aleppo Degree Staff members put on three stunts at the Ceremonial of Sphinx Temple, Hartford, Conn., December 5, 1936. These boys of Sphinx Temple certainly can entertain royally.

Noble Robie Nichols is back after a three weeks' South American cruise. Robie is now in the pink.

Burt Stearns who is a representative of Jason Weiler & Sons, reports his line of Imported Food Specialties to be moving fast. This would indicate better business generally.

Director Stan Stedfast has returned from his western business trip. Good business everywhere is his report.



SERVICE FOR THE LADIES

WE notice in the columns of the local newspapers that our genial friend, Noble Fred H. White, of Read & White, who has for so many years served the sterner sex through the rental of formal dress-clothes, has now inaugurated a department to serve the fair sex.

During the past few years, Noble White has been a constant attendant at our Shrine functions, and has been most liberal in the donation of prizes of men's dress jewelry at the Shrine golf outings and Shrine luncheons. Perhaps, some time in the future, he will be donating ear-rings, vanities and cigarette cases to adorn the wedding ensembles, evening gowns, frocks and other types of clothing he is now renting.

This new venture for this old-established dress-clothes renting house will make it possible for the women to wear special gowns for various occasions, and, according to Noble Fred, they may rent a different one each time and never be seen in the same gown twice, as his entire stock is new, and the latest creations are included in the displays of the Read & White concern, located at 111 Summer Street, Boston, Mass., and in the Woolworth Building, Providence, Rhode Island.



THOSE WERE THE HAPPY DAYS

Do you remember way back when,
Say, thirty or forty years,
You never saw your sweetheart's limbs,
But judged her by her ears?

The kids were washed each Saturday night,
Their daddy cut their hair,
Their suit was cut from their uncle's pants
And they wore no underwear?

The women padded but did not paint,
Nor smoke, nor drink, nor vote;
The men wore boots and little stiff hats
And whiskers like a goat?

Not a soul had appendicitis,
Nor thought of buying glands;
The butcher gave his liver away
But charged you for his hams?

You never needed a bank account;
Your beer gave six per cent;
The hired girl got three bucks a week,
And twelve bones paid the rent?

You could stand each night when work was o'er

With one foot on the rail,
And your hip supported not a thing
Except your own shirt tail?

You had real friends and trusted them,
You knew they were sincere,
Those were the happy, joyous days —
We wish they would re-appear.

—Anonymous

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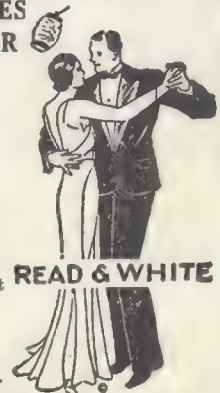
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SOUTH SHORE • NEWS •

By NOBLE GEORGE A. RHODES
Associate Editor

ELECTION of officers in the Lodges is well over and the new presiding officers have assumed their duties. Quincy Commandery, K. T., had its monthly dinner the fourth Monday of November and worked the Temple degree. Commander Frederick W. Phillips crossed the burning sands in Aleppo at the October Ceremonial. He is providing interesting features for each conclave of the Commandery. At the November meeting Noble Sir Knight Horace Sutcliffe and Vivian Mulvey appeared as "The Little Gypsy" troupe for the dinner entertainment.

South Shore Commandery, K. T., had two candidates for the Order of Temple the 27th of November. They had a dinner and entertainment before working the degrees.

Both Commanderies are receiving their Christmas offerings to supply baskets of Christmas dinners for worthy families. Quincy and South Shore took part in the exemplification in Brockton the 21st of November.

South Shore Commandery, K. T., is to hold its first New Year's Eve Party in the Weymouth Temple. According to Commander W. Howard Mills, it is attracting a number of Sir Knights and their ladies who like to step out on the last night of the year. The beauty of it is there will be no traffic jams going home.

Taleb Grotto with Noble George G. Ormon, Master of Ceremonies, one of Aleppo's workers, in charge, has taken the entire Quincy Masonic Temple for their New Year's Eve Party and will have the dinner at 10 o'clock.

Mt. Wollaston Royal Arch Chapter put on a stunt whist party November 20, which was the biggest event thus far.

St. Stephen's Royal Arch Chapter will have a Ladies' Night December 9 in Quincy Temple.

All the Blue Lodges have candidates in the works. Walter E. Simmons was

installed Master of Rural Lodge. He is the son of the late Walter Simmons who was Secretary of Rural for 42 years.

Manet Lodge officers went to Barre, Vermont, November 14, and put on the third degree for Granite Lodge of that city by special dispensation of the Grand Master of Vermont. Wor. Arthur Cormack, the Master, came from that town and his father was raised in Granite Lodge.

Past District Deputies Night in Theodore Roosevelt Lodge was the finest event of the year. Wor. Charles H. Alard worked out the details assisted by Rt. Wor. Everett E. Weatherbee, District Deputy Grand Master, who is a Past Master of the Lodge. The "Pasts" filled the stations and worked the third degree in a way that brought numerous compliments.

Atlantic Lodge had Chief of Police John Avery as its speaker at the November meeting. Wollaston Lodge November session was the visitation. Rt. Wor. Everett E. Weatherbee closed his annual visitations at Wessagusset Lodge in South Weymouth in November.

I observe that most of the active workers in the Lodges wear Shrine emblems.



OKLAHOMA CITY CEREMONIAL

ACCORDING to a news item received from Noble William Noble, of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, India Temple of that city had a class of 25 novices tread the hot sands at their Ceremonial November 20, 1936.

The attendance of members and visitors was very large, and there was a free turkey for each novice and another one for the Noble bringing in his petition.

All present partook of a turkey dinner and enjoyed a snappy stage show and dance.

So India marches on with the March of Time, and a big increase in membership is looked for during the coming year.



Real advancement is gauged according to integrity of intention, followed by sincerity of action.

SHRINE MEMBERSHIP

YOUR Shrine membership brings you the association of friends and Nobles in an atmosphere peculiarly its own. It brings you opportunity you'd miss were you no longer a Shriner.

Your Shrine Pin is a symbol of so many fine and noble acts for so many years that the world regards it as a badge of distinction that only the worthy should wear. Lose your Shrine membership and you lose the right to wear this badge of distinction.



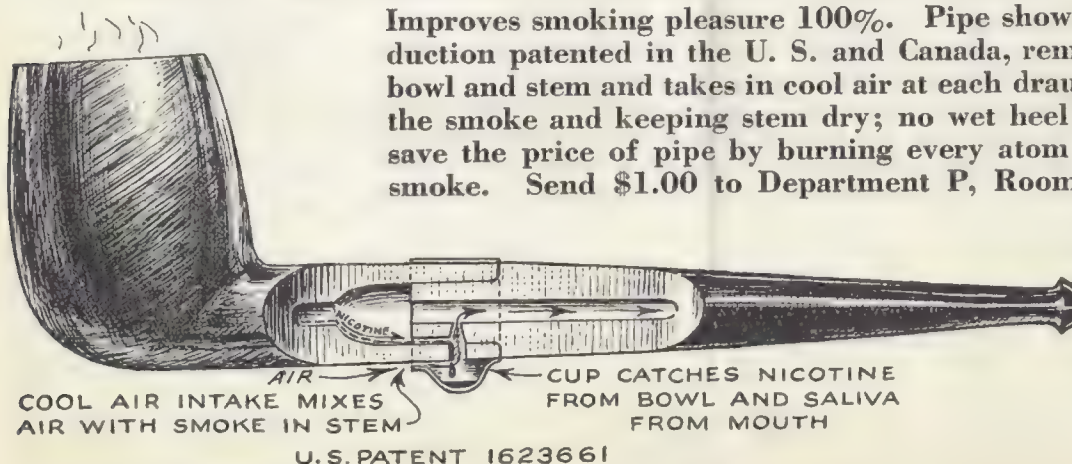
The Shrine isn't a grab-bag affair. You can get a fair idea of what you are going to get out of it by checking up what you are putting in.

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THE MORSE CODE

By NOBLE JAKE MORSE,
Associate Editor

WELL, seems after all that Noble Charles S. Ashley, Mayor of New Bedford for so many years, found some one who had more years of service to his credit than he. Harry H. Woodring, 92, of Danville, Va., has served that city as mayor for more than 40 years. Still, our mayor stands number one in the east—first having served as mayor in 1890.

Since Mayor Ashley took office, he has seen New Bedford grow from a population of 30,000 to 112,000.

He has served 26 terms as mayor and has been mayor a total of 30 years. His activities still continue for he has been conducting a successful insurance business with which his son is connected. The two will continue in this business.

While in Washington the other day, in attendance at the conference of Mayors in that city, Mayor Ashley said: "If they would equalize the working hours between the North and the South, so far as the cotton textile industry is concerned, we could recover and put our idle factories to work. Let the South have a one or two dollar differential but give us equal hours."

So Noble David D. Freedman, of Brookline, is on his way to the head of Major General Knox Lodge, A. F. and A. M., meeting in Masonic Temple, Boston. Another distinguished officer of the Lodge is Charles T. Cahill, our Assistant Rabbah, who is the Marshal of the Blue Lodge.

The Senior Warden is Charles H. Sargent, Jr., son of C. H. of Aleppo Stewards.

NOBLE DR. HSIEH HONORED

IN honor of the publication of his new book, "Confucius Said It First," which is just off the press, Noble Dr. Tehyi Hsieh, noted Chinese lecturer and author, and member of Aleppo Temple, was tendered a luncheon at the Twentieth Century Club, Boston, by his fellow club members on Saturday, November 28, 1936.

The well-known Prof. Robert E. Rogers in his newspaper account of the luncheon at which he was an honored guest, says: "I suspect that the book is a kind of trial flight. At least I hope it is, and that it will be followed by a larger volume which will give us more than a taste of the philosophy of the ancient sage who was born 82 years before Socrates in the Province of Shantung."

Among the noted guests at the luncheon were President Daniel Marsh of Boston University, President John Cousens of Tufts College, Dean Clarence R. Skinner, Professor Arthur M. Holcombe, Dean Everett Lord, Professor Robert E. Rogers, and the world-famous theatrical producer, Morris Gest.

Following the luncheon, Dr. Hsieh was entertained by many Chinese Christian association representatives from other cities at the Chinese Service Bureau headquarters in the Statler Building, Boston, where he says he will be very happy to autograph any books purchased as Christmas gifts by Shriners and friends.



PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?

THOSE who are qualified to speak on the subject maintain that a knowledge of French is a decided asset to one who seeks to be really well-educated.

The talented wife of Noble George A. Smith, an Aleppo-Nian for 20 years, teaches the French language, and could accommodate a few more pupils.

The address is 120 Glenville Avenue, Allston, Massachusetts; telephone STAdium 0845.



"LOVINGLY YOURS, MATHILDA"

A TIGHTWAD traveling salesman sent his wife a check for a million kisses for a birthday present. He was considerably upset when he received the following letter a few days later:

"Dear Jim: I can't begin to express my appreciation of the check you sent me on my birthday. I presented it to the milkman this morning and—he cashed it, —Lovingly yours, Mathilda."



One of the most pathetic sights of modern times is a horsefly sitting on an automobile radiator.



HE PAID FOR THE DINNERS

THREE married men met over a reunion dinner and talked and wine until the hour was very late. Feeling remorseful, each decided he would return home and obey his wife's first command, it being understood that if one failed to do so he would pay for the next dinner.

The next week they met to retell their experiences.

Said No. 1: "When I got home I was unlucky enough to stumble against the old grandfather clock in the hall, and my wife shouted down to me, 'That's right, break the clock!' So I took a croquet mallet and jolly well did break the clock."

"That's curious," said No. 2. "I fell against the hat-stand, and my wife shouted, 'That's right, break the hat-stand!' So, of course, I did."

"That's funny," said No. 3. "When I was creeping upstairs I was unlucky enough to slip back a few steps, and my wife called out, 'That's right, break your neck!' and so—well, the dinner's on me."

DR. ROBERT H. VEITCH

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A MERRY CHRISTMAS!
A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

MAY the Giver of Gifts give unto you
That which is good and that which is true;
The will to help and the courage to do;
A heart that can sing the whole day through;
Whether the sky be gray or blue,
May the Giver of Gifts give these to YOU.

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"Christmus"

BLEAK December rushes in th' joyous holiday season, th' season when ever' heart is brimmin' over with good cheer in th' anticipation o' th' Christmus festival. Folks as used ter get mad at each other for bein' rushed all over the house at a Shrine Ceremonial are filled with good will and other spirit and call each other "Noble!" Christmus is th' one great festival o' th' year when childhood comes int' its own, and th' toy drum an' th' ear drum clash, when we git tangled up in electric trains, make hand painted tulips, when our apple green plush Christmus necktie makes its first an' last appearance.

Christmus is also th' one brief, fleetin' day out o' th' whole three hundred an' sixty-five when, thro' th' kindness an' thoughtfulness o' th' more favored, th' faint smile o' gratefulness flits across th' wan faces o' th' poor an' distressed. But what Christmus is supposed t' be an' what it really is are two widely different an' distinct stories. Th' beautiful time-honored anniversary has been so advertised, so played up an' commercialized, that it has degenerated int' a grand yearly holdup.

Folks jostle thro' th' stores more like they wuz huntin' a lid fer a stove instead of a gift fer one near an' dear. Th' famous Christmus spirit deserts 'em before they get in th' elevator. From then on it becomes a fearful desperate hunt. Ther's no time t' decide. Somethin' must be got an' got while th' gittin's good. Any kind o' cigars fer paw, any kind o' a mug fer maw, th' first sled we come to fer Joe, an' any doll that squeaks fer Kate. Th' ordeal o' tryin' t' find somethin' fer someone who you're afraid is goin' t' give somethin' t' you is maddenin'. Th' long string o' people we feel we "ought t' remember" that we'd like t' fergit is deplorable. The worst part is havin' t' hide an automobile from Sanders or a bedroom set from Dolores. We can go south an' miss winter—we kin flee t' th' highlands an' sidestep a flood—or go abroad an' skip a presidential election, but ther's no escape from Christmus.

As we grow older we feel a tinge o' sadness at Christmas time. Even with th' joyous shouts o' children an' th' happy, smilin' faces o' those about us we can't keep back th' memories of other Christmusses, memories o' th' dear ones who have passed beyond. One blast of a toy trumpet on th' clear winter air brings that golden age back again.

But Christmus must be met bravely, an' give freely o' pink, initialed ivory-ette mirrors, marked up iridescent four-in-hands, hand-desecrated bridge sets, glossy veneered cigars, heliotrope mufflers, nonworkable cigar lighters, Celluloid cigarette holders an' et cetry. Father'll give Mother a check an' Mother'll give Father a charged wallpaper shirt with thirty-eight inch sleeves, an' they'll both give gran'-maw somethin' fer her shoulders as she already has an easy chair left over from last Christmus, an' so on.

Durin' th' holidays th' stores smell like th' inside of a curly headed man's hat. An' then too, th' holidays allus usher in a fresh crop o' green clerks that don't know where anythin' is. One o' th' very worst things about Christmus shoppin', next t' standin' in th' cold waitin' fer the folks t' come out of a store, is snappin' yer cerebral cord tryin' t' read th' reverse side of a price tag in a show window before venturin' in a store.

But jes' th' same—a man is at his finest toward th' finish o' th' year, he's smiling his very bestest when the Christmus season's here; then he's thinkin' more of others than he's thought th' months before, and the laughter of his children is a joy worth toilin' fer. He is a less selfish creature than at any other time; when the Christmus spirit rules him he comes close t' the sublime, oh, I don't know how t' say it, but somehow 't seems ter me that at Christmus man is almost what God sent him here to be.

In Memoriam




DEATHS

Reported November 1 to
November 30, 1936


MILES H. BENTLEY
GEORGE F. BOEHNER
HERBERT A. BOOTH
ARTHUR L. BRIDGHAM
CHARLES D. BURNES
WILLIAM V. CAMPBELL
DANIEL R. CARR
ARTHUR W. CLARK
JAMES A. COLLYER
HARMON A. CURTIS
FRANK W. DEININGER
HARRY S. DOWNING
FREDERIC W. FAUNCE
DAVID E. FELDMAN
GEORGE M. HARLOW
EDWARD P. HIGGINS
HARRY I. A. HODGDON
ROBERT G. MACDONALD
ALEXIS MAGEE
LEWIS MYERS
HENRY J. NOYES
W. H. PELTON
HARRY C. RICE
WILLIAM M. RICE
ARCHIBALD L. STARK
FRANK M. WEYMOUTH
WALTER C. WRIGHT

The officers of Aleppo Temple express their sympathy to the families and friends of the worthy Nobles who have passed through the portals of the "Unseen Temple." We mourn their departure. May they forever live on in our memory.



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STUDENTS ANSWER EXAMS, BUT HOW!

THE following answers were given to
examination questions submitted to a
group of students:

Benjamin Franklin invented thunder
and lightning for the United States.

A cow is an animal having four legs,
two horns and a tail. It has skin all over
the outside which is covered with hair.
It has skin all over the inside which is
called tripe.

Natural immunity is being able to
catch a disease without the aid of a physi-
cian.

A dynamo is a machine that makes
dynamite and other explosions.

Etiquette is little things you do that
you don't want to do.

A pedagogue is an animal with large
ears.

A hamlet is an English breakfast dish
consisting mainly of eggs and ham cooked
together.

Mastication is what the Italians do
with their hands when they talk English.

The Moratorium is a big ocean liner.

A mummy is one that has no education
at all.

An octogenarian is an animal which
has eight young at a birth.

A peasant is a bird like a turkey but
it isn't.

Prophylactic means to bear young in
large numbers—a rabbit is said to be
prophylactic.

A psychiatrist is a man with mental
disorders.

A sirloin is the only article of clothing
worn by Ghandi, leader of India.

A simile is a widening of the face when
pleased.

Edison invented the talking machine
and the indecent lamp.

The Pilgrims were opposed to the
weather and many of them died.

Farmers rotate their crops so that they
may get sun on all sides.

The French flag is one half white, one
half red, and one half blue.



BLUE LAWS

SOME sections of the country have
a great deal of fun commenting
upon the so-called blue laws in New
England.

Such hoary old chestnuts as that bath-
tubs were prohibited in Boston have been
bandied about for many years, regard-
less of the facts. But one of the leading
and largest cities in California has now
discovered that some of its own ordin-
ances are pretty funny, too.

It has found, for instance, an ordin-
ance making it illegal to shoot jack-
rabbits from moving street cars, and
another preventing the sale of snakes on
city streets. Few American cities would
be unable to find laws, which now seem
a bit absurd.—*The Boston Post.*

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Swank Evening Dress Studs	1.50
Arrow Dress Shirt	2.50
Interwoven Pure Silk Hose50
Hickok Dress Suspenders	1.00
Arrow Dress Handkerchief35
Brockley Evening Wear Muffler	1.00
"Batts" wishbone suit and pant hanger20

*Choice of single or double-breasted—double-breasted in midnight blue.
Formal tails may be substituted for \$15 additional.
Midnight blue Homberg or jet black derby \$3.85.

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